

The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19 OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA
PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY

VOL. IV. No. 10

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1919

PRICE 5c A COPY



J. L. DE LURY -
"IT WAS EVER THUS"

Drawing by John L. DeLury

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The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

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Commanding

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1st Lt. H. W. KINDERMAN, M.C., U.S.A.

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MR. MATHEW BEECHER, Art Editor

SERGT. 1/CL. A. ZABIN, Business Manager



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Vol. IV

Saturday, September 20, 1919

No. 10

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice, Oteen, N. C. Subscription rates, \$1.00 for seven-teen weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

A year ago this very time the flu epidemic was sweeping over the country—and the question is being asked continually—"Will the flu return this year?". If you were a Postite a year ago you'll recall what a marked absence there was of it in this hospital. The Surgeon General, after the ravages the flu made all over the land, acknowledged that Oteen had less influenza per capita than any other military organization in the country. And that commendation can be given to the Post M. D.'s for the care of the men.

The plague will probably reappear, but not in as severe a form as last winter. That is simply because precaution is being exercised. It is an acknowledged fact that a previous attack brings immunity in a certain percentage of cases, and this should allay fear on the part of those afflicted in the previous epidemic.

Colds which are allowed to run along without treatment are the sure open door to influenza. If you find one coming on any of these bright mornings turn in at sick call. Your trouble may warrant you a CC—but it is liable to save you much trouble later on.

People who do not take care of colds are flirting with Mme. Flu.



An officer of high rank from another post visited Oteen last week. This is what he said for the Detachment "I have been about many posts over the country, but I do want to say that in the question of general neatness of the uniforms of the detachment men, their saluting, general work—it is of quite the highest order I have yet seen. I have been in your center for a week, and if I may take the liberty, your corps men in the question of morale, seem to have the edge on any department in the hospital, not barring officers, nurses or even aides.

★ ★

The creeping barrage of verbal criticism is being followed at this hour by the belated infantry attack of concerted government action against the entrenched profiteers. Up to the present moment not a single important objective has been taken. A few supply dumps have been captured in the eastern and middle western sectors but the common enemy appears to be holding fast in the works he constructed while the attention of the country was centered upon a foreign front. He battles hard, apparently being supplied with the poison gas of subsidized press and supported by a platoon or more of sympathetic and apathetic legislators.

Yet the outlook for his ultimate sharp defeat is bright. America has set its face at last to the job of extirpating the most vicious brood that Mars was sire to. And be certain that whatever deserves, whatever leadership, the conflict may demand will be supplied by an outraged people. Profiteering, the twentieth century recurrence of medieval piracy, must end.

"WHY DON'T YOU PRINT SOME NEWS?"

We are putting quotations marks around this heading because we have seen the same thing in the Trouble Buster published at U. S. A. General Hospital No. 2 at Fort McHenry, Maryland.

Their paper like ours, is published every week when there is an abundance of news or the printers are not on furlough or A. W. O. L.

We don't print any very startling news and we don't print anything very new but we do try to get some facts from Washington, a few pictures and some jokes all of which will be valuable if you keep them. Some time when you have almost forgotten that there was a place called G. H. No. 19, you will find some of these old sheets that you have tucked away up in the spare room and then all of the buddies you knew here will return in memory.

Almost everything that we publish has been common news about the post for a day or so before it comes out. Something important happens—a new C. O. arrives, a new rumor. "We'll all be out by the fifteenth," or something else, but before it is written up and printed the entire post knows about it and then comes our grand old sheet with the glad tidings after everybody knows it.

We don't deny it. It affords us even a little snicker. We never claimed to be a newspaper. For with a weekly edition gotten together under the many difficulties of editing, arguing with the printer, official censorship, with which we struggle, it simply can't be did. Thassall. And so we do the best we can under the circumstances. We try to give what we believe to be the big mission of a hospital publication, to make a man happier with the jokes, to bust up troubles and to give a few authentic facts from those who know what is going on higher up.

So lend a hand and write up your stories in the paper and help some other buddie up the grade to complete recovery.





Lt. Kinderman Goes to Washington

Lieut. H. W. Kinderman, our erstwhile Detachment Commander, Post Exchange head, Detachment Surgeon, general good fellow, etc, etc., leaves Oteen this week for Washington, D. C. where he enters the Army Medical School for the 1920 session.

"Loot" Kinderman came into service in February 1918, and first saw service at General Hospital 21, New Haven, Conn; immediately thereafter being assigned to duty at Fort Ogilthorpe, Georgia, where he remained until his reassignment to Oteen in September 1918. He has been engaged in no end of assignments at this Post, the most important, to our minds, being that of Detachment Commander. A strict disciplinarian and a good soldier he proved himself at all times, yet through his genial good nature, and never tiring interest and

humanness toward the personnel, which characterized his service, he endeared himself to the hearts of all those men with whom he came in contact.

He was commissioned from the Reserve into the Regular Army in February, 1919. His transfer to Washington is the natural procedure, and there he takes a specializing course before assignment to his regular army post.

We (and General Hospital Nineteen too) are the better for having known him. May the knowledge accompany him into his future work that we're all shouting for him as one of the most regular and real fellows we have met in the service. Our heart's best wishes carry on to Mrs. Kinderman and "Kindy" Junior.

THIS WINTERS ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

Just so surely as sap rises in the spring does the desire for athletic games of the more violent nature become noticeable when the first few cold nights and cool days of fall put in their appearance.

Knowing this Major Alexander Called together his athletic committee a few days ago and began laying plans for fall and winter. According to his diagnosis the following were essential, and at once: Football, golf, boxing, wrestling, volleyball, basketball, archery, tennis and croquet.

Football, the greatest of all outdoor games, will be managed by Lieutenant White, registrar of the camp. Capt. Alexander, who rounded our ball club out so well, it is hoped, will take up the coaching.

It is planned to start practicing within the next week and Oteen will not be satisfied until an eleven is rounded out which will assure her the championship of Western North Carolina.

Golf will be in the hands of Secy. Joe Downey, of the K. of C. The grounds are already in fairly good shape and no one need doubt that Joe will not see that every enthusiast is kept tramping over the grounds to pack them and round them into excellent shape.

Lieutenant Steele, of the sanitary corps, will pick out the boxers and wrestlers. The Lieutenant is a lover of the sport and has shown himself quite capable. A good platform and all necessary aquipment will be forthcoming at once.

Volleyball and basketball will be in the hands of Secy. J. E. Thayer, of the Y. M. C. A. Already he is in touch with some of players from last year's basketball team and plans a smoker to boost things. The volleyball players will have their smoker too and get back on the job.

Archery, tennis and croquet is to be piloted by Recreational Officer Albert C. Banks, of the American Red Cross. Tennis courts have been provided for the nurses and officers, one will be built for the enlisted men as soon as the proper place has been located.

Major Alexander and all of the other gentlemen named ask the cooperation of all men on the reservation in putting this program over. Let's get together and boost for it like we have for baseball and it will go with a swing.

TAPS & CAPE

Deo et Humanitate

THE NIGHT NURSE

Now that the nights are cool and chilly, who ministers to our needs?

The Night Nurse

Who fills our hot water bottle several times ere night is o'er?

The Night Nurse

Who brings the extra wrap and gently spreads it o'er the sleeping form?

The Night Nurse

No thanks is asked; no thanks is given.

As like a Guardian Angel through the long lone hours she keeps watch,

With gentle footsteps and tender hands our slumber not to mar.

She speeds us to our dreamland with kindly words of cheer.

Oh! Let us then forget, if we dare, the Night Nurse and her loving care.

—Nurses' Wards.

■ ■

My Mother told me not to spoon—
I don't—

My daddy told me not to smoke—
I won't.

My sister told me not to fuss—
I don't—

My brother told me not to cuss—
I won't.

Do I have a wonderful time
I don't

Will I keep up this programme
long—

No, I won't!

Marjorie Schwinn.

■ ■

Your dashing Lieutenant named
Shaw

Is likely to get punched in the
jaw,

Yonce will give him such a jar
That he will go by FARR,
And Maloney will hear of it

By Gar!

LOVE LYRICS OF NO. 4 DOORSTEP

At 6 he said, "Hello, dear—
This evening's wonderful, too short I fear—

In just one hour when the clock struck 7
He thought that he must be in heaven.

It seemed to him that 8
Was just commencing a wonderful date.

And when the watch he looked at said 9
He remarked that he was having a wonderful time.

At 10 he started to say, "Goodnight."
Then he was in glory, at it's height.

He sadly remarked, "Sweetheart, it's '11.
My, How I wish it were only 7."

At 12 he kissed her again and again
And again, and again, and again, and by then—

The clock struck 1. And he said, "My dear,
I'm keeping you up rather late I fear."

But she said, "Why should we worry,
I never like to be in a hurry."

And No Mans Land was silent at 2 alright,
For the K. C. man had kissed her goodnight.

Dear Marion:—

I often worry about you not improving your mind. You do so much of nothing. Now I am quite progressive. Have been learning to typewrite. Can use five of my fingers now, three right and two left. When I get tired looking for letters to spell with I just lock the machine on the— no I mean the "fig" and make pictures. They are awfully cute so will send you a few. I call this bunch the chorus, &&&&&&&&& æ æ looks like the Asheville Aunties Ambling Amorously.

X|X|X|X|X|X|X|, these are "Greek Girls Gracefully Gliding and this bunch (|)|(|)|(|) is the "Cymbalist Chorus in Clashing Concert."

GECEAE Here is a group of "Sassy Sister Soldiers in Swaggering Sammy Suits." The last of my show girls are the "Heavenly Hopps of Hawaii" (MMMMM) I couldn't get the men very well some way. All I could find was this bunch of "Mexican Bandits Murderously Bent." KKKKKHHN.....

I do wish you would tell Jack to send me some typewriter soldiers. He showed me some once that were awfully cute. I don't get nearly so tired when I practice typewriting if I make pictures.

Be sure and don't forget as usual about telling Jack.

Friend Helen.

■ ■

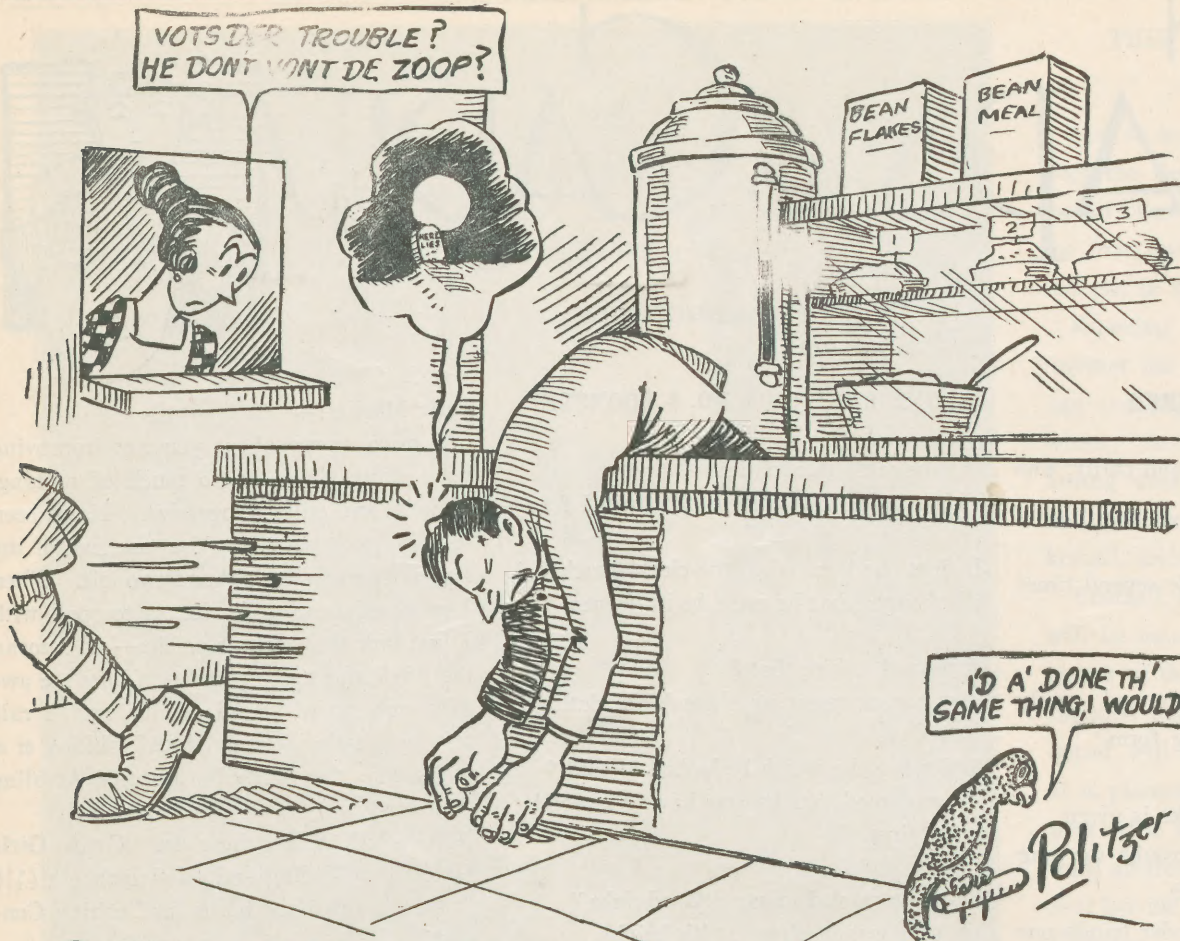
IT WAS EVER THUS

He didn't like the first girl—
She didn't powder and paint,
She couldn't set his heart awlirl,
cause
She was too much of a saint.

He did like the second girl—
She did paint—she was a
winner
She could set his heart awlirl,
cause
She was a sinner.



ONE MODE OF SOUTHERN TRANSPORTATION



BUDDY CAME IN FOR SOMETHING TO EAT, AN' THE COUNTERMAN SUGGESTED "BEAN" SOUP

IN GOOD REPUTE

What of the wrist watch? Is it still among us? Casual observation seems to establish the fact that it is—very much.

The war proved its worth. A few K. P.'s accidentally lowered theirs into hot water and scalded the works to death; a few rookies dented theirs before acquiring the rigidly automatic perfection of left shoulder arms; a few got machine-gunned or shower-bathed or suffered other misfortunes. Apart from these scattered casualties, the wrist watch established its usefulness and its good repute.

But nobody wants to start another war to give the sleeve handkerchief that air of respectability which it so sadly lacks today.

The Home Sector.

CALL ME "DADDY," NOW

Lt. White, our estimable Camp Registrar, is the papa of a fine bouncing girl.

The Happy event took place at the Biltmore Hospital. It was on Wednesday morning last the "loot" broke the happy news that a fine little girl had arrived to bless the lives of he and Mrs. White. And, said he, "the youngster began to show her fathers' bright characteristics before she was half a dozen hours old by bawling out everything and everybody within half a mile of her station." The mother and daughter, father too, are all doing nicely.

LT. STEELE RISKS HIS LIFE

Yes, sir, it isn't generally known on the Post, but our own Lt. Paul Steele, of salvage fame, was married on Sunday evening last at the first Baptist Church Asheville, to Miss Frances Marie Palmer of Asheville. Report has it the bride and groom will live in Asheville until Lt. Steele receives his discharge when they will depart for their winter home on the Steele Estate in Maryland.

LOST—REWARD

Between Officers Ward No. 2 and Laurel Tea House, Sunburst Pin of pearls, diamond center; greatly cherished for its memories.

Return to Mrs. H. W. Gilbert, Hostess House, Oteen.

"EATS" HERO, WITH CRULLER MEDAL, HOME

Private William J. Long, of Providence, R. I., the champion cruller consumer of the A. E. F., came home on the transport Otsego.

He wore a bronze medal containing on its face an engraving of a cruller surrounded by a laurel wreath, awarded him by members of the Third Division, on July 4. On the reverse side of the medal are the numerals "249," representing the total number of crullers Long ate in twenty-four hours.

HURRAH, ARMY OFFICERS MUST EXERCISE

According to recent orders issued by the War Department all officers below the grade of brigadier general, except those actually attending drills and other instructions with troops, shall unless excused for physical disability, devote at least two consecutive hours to one or a combination of the following forms of exercise: Walking, swimming, tennis, medicine ball, handball, football, basket-ball, la crosse, boxing, fencing, wrestling, track events, horseback riding physical exercise with apparatus similar to Swedish exercises.

Officers may choose the form of exercise which most appeals to them, but will be required to sign a certificate at the end of each month.

THE BATHROOM ATHLETE

"Do you take exercise after your bath in the morning?"

"Yes; I generally step on the soap as I get out."



And, again, Goodbye Mr. B. V. D.

▽ ▽

The following program, put on under the direction of Mrs. T. M. Jonson, of the M. E. Church of Asheville, was one of the best in many weeks. Every number was a headliner. The program:

Mrs. Lee, vocal solo; Mrs. Lawrence, piano solo; Mrs. Johnson, reading; Familiar Scenes, (a) Farmer Boy, Richard Hanner; (b) Dat Sweet Watomillen, Mr. Hanner; duet, Mr. Lawrence; Mrs. T. M. Johnson; reading, Miss Carpenter; "Moses and the Mule," Rev. Johnson; vocal solo, Dr. Lawrence; reading, Mrs. Lee; duet, Mr. Bedkins and Widow Simpkins; reading, Mrs. Lee.

▽ ▽

Mrs. Herbert Pelton put in some fine solo work at the Tuesday night program. She was accompanied by Miss Coolier.

Mr. H. M. Schacte, of the Asheville Board of Commerce, was on the program. He has a splendid voice and a great personality.

▽ ▽

Sgt. Hanson, better known as the Duke, is just back from the east where he accompanied a body. He states he is back and glad of it. Furthermore he isn't in half as big a hurry to get out as he was.

▽ ▽

The boys on I-8 say that their night nurse is a peach and is always on the job.

▽ ▽

Mr. C. M. Dilworth, of the University of the South, a former Y secretary, has put the singing at the night services over the hill the past two Sundays. Here's hoping he stays close for many more to come.

▽ ▽

Mr. Homer H. Green, who has served with the 88th Division in France for the past year, arrived in Oteen on Tuesday and immediately took up his duties in the Y hut. Come in, look him over and meet him.

Movie Programme.

Monday Sept. 22.....Madam Jealousy, Frederick.

Tuesday Sept. 23.....His Mother's Boy, Ray.

Friday Sept. 26Honor of his House Hayakawa.

Saturday Sept. 27.....Biggest Show on Earth, Bennett.

Wards Sept. 22-27....Oh Doctor, Arbuckle.

++

The moving picture distributors have agreed to give us better films and not so many war pictures as heretofore.

++

With the coming of fall weather the Red Cross Grove is getting to be the most popular spot in Oteen. The many hammocks donated by Asheville Chapter Red Cross are always occupied and the card tables are used at night under the electric lights that have been strung in the trees.

++

Croquet is the fad in front of the big house.

++

A big get-together meeting of foot-ball enthusiasts was given Thursday night in the Red Cross House in view of coming cold weather.

++

NEW WAR BRIDES

Petite daughters of La Belle France were not the only brides taken by American soldiers who crossed the sea to fight in the cause of freedom. Reports reaching Washington show what eight doughboys of the American force recently withdrawn from Archangel and vicinity, found "the only girl in the world" in the person of dark-eyed "Barishna" of North Russia. These brides are now accompanying their husbands to their future homes in the United States.

The finals in the Second pool tournament are on and the contest has been an interesting one. Every player participating claims he is a sure winner of the handsome silver loving cup which we are offering to the "Champeen." If this were before July 1st we would surely make the winner "Set 'em up" but alas and alack—this is September and we have become accustomed to imitating camels. Anyway, the winner can at least use it as a shaving mug.

★ ★

Jack Silverman, the J. W. B. worker from Asheville visited us Monday. We are sorry to learn that he is going to give up welfare work and hope that he will not forget Oteen and the needs of our men here.

★ ★

We paid one and one half bones and war tax to see Fields Minstrel Monday night but never again. You can see just as good stuff any morning around our pool tables and the make-up of the actors was not secured at a drug store, either.

★ ★

We have had a new sleeping apartment built on the south end of the Hut this week. This is an improvement that was badly needed as, we have been sleeping corded up like stove wood for the last couple of weeks and it was inconvenient for the fellow in the bottom layer if he wanted to get up first.

★ ★

Mr. Scruggs put on a fine program for the colored patients Wednesday evening. Some good work was done by a quartette from Asheville and there were several excellent readings. We understand that Mr. Scruggs is to be transferred to other work and know that the boys here will miss him.

★ ★

Outdoor movie tomorrow night. Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris" will be shown. If the weather is bad the film will be shown in the Hut. Usual music by Payne's orchestra and soloists.



MURPH. OF W-2 WRITES FROM BOSTON

I wonder if the boys of Oteen have heard of Mr. Shell of Kentucky. Thinking there may be a few who have not read of this young man's history which appeared in the paper lately as "truth" I will briefly state it. Mr. Shell is 131 years of age he has 29 or rather has had 29 children the oldest being 90 and the youngest 5 years old. He was too old to get into the Civil War as he was 74 years old at that time. He was married at the age of 19 but for some reason or other only lived with his wife for 90 years. At the age of 125 he was married for the second time. A year after this marriage he had a son who is now 5 years old. These are the facts as they appeared in the paper but after having a chat with the gentleman I am in a position to tell you a few more interesting facts. I asked him if he had ever been in the army and he replied that during the war of 1813 he had been rejected on account of having T. B. and the doctor told him he had better move to North Carolina. He did and you see the results have lasted even though he went to Kentucky about a century ago. He told me that he was very busy last winter taking care of his father who had an attack of the measles.

Now it is a sure bet that the Prohibition party will never adopt this gentleman as he informs us that he has taken liquor every time he got the chance and methinks he had some chance in 131 years.

An ex-patient,
D. D. Murphy.

★ ★

Lady of the house, shivering: Has the furnace gone out, Bridget?

Bridget: No, mum, Oi think not. Oi've bin standing at the gate all evening wid a gintlemin frind, and it never wint by me, Oi'm sure.

★ ★

Is your wife a club-woman, Mike?
Divil a bit, sor, she uses a flatiron.

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

NO BRAINS NECESSARY

One day I saw Sergeant Cooey crossing a railroad and before he crossed it an express train up an kissed him an smashed him to pieces. I came nearer and watched him picking himself up. After he got all his pieces he started to walk away. I looked down and saw that he left his brains, so I called to him, "Hey Sarge, yer fergot ter pick up yer brains." "I dont need any brains" says he "I'm an M. P."

Eeza Nut.

★ ★

Harrison (orderly) Well, nurse, guess I'll go to the expensary for them medicines.

★ ★

Browing you know it's two weeks since you've had a furlough, haven't you another brother that has not seen you for years coming home soon. We wonder!

★ ★

Reed on the 'phone—Yeah, that's me, honey! But say, listen hea'h ——— Yeah, but say ——— Yeah, but say, listen hea'h ——— ??? Reed—your scme gabber, I'll say, but we fear your Widow has you beat.

★ ★

Glower, that's too bad they took your clothes off you,
And after you have had them so long, too;
But cheer up, ol' boy
You'll soon be full of joy
When that wonderful Paper is handed to you.

★ ★

Rabb returned from his furlough wearing a cute bow tie, and his inseperable body-guard, "Sleeveless Sweater."



HERE'S A BOND A MONTH, YANK

Bonds for every soldier, sailor, and Marine who served in the war is the subject of a bill introduced in Congress by Representative Jones, of Texas. This measure would provide a bond of the United States government in the sum of \$50 for each and every month or major fraction thereof that a man has served with the military forces of the country.

The bill further provides that the bonds are not to exceed in aggregate \$3,000,000,000. The bonds are to be exempt of all taxation with the exception of estate and inheritance taxes.

The prospective law has been referred to the House Committee on Appropriations.

With reference to this measure, Mr. Jones says: "It seems to me that this measure is preferable to the Lane land bill, as it will insure to the benefit of all the service men, while the land bill can only be taken advantage of by a comparative few. Moreover, it will not be so expensive as the land bill. In fact, it would cost the government much less than one-half the estimated cost of the Lane measure."

★ ★

CURRENT TOPICS

First Electrical Engineer—Wire you insulate

Second Electrical Engineer—Couldn't get ohm sooner.

First E. E.—Watt?

Second E. E.—I was out sparking in the park.

First E. E. I can guess switch girl. Mazda?

Second E. E.—See here, fuse go-to get personal I'll socket you.

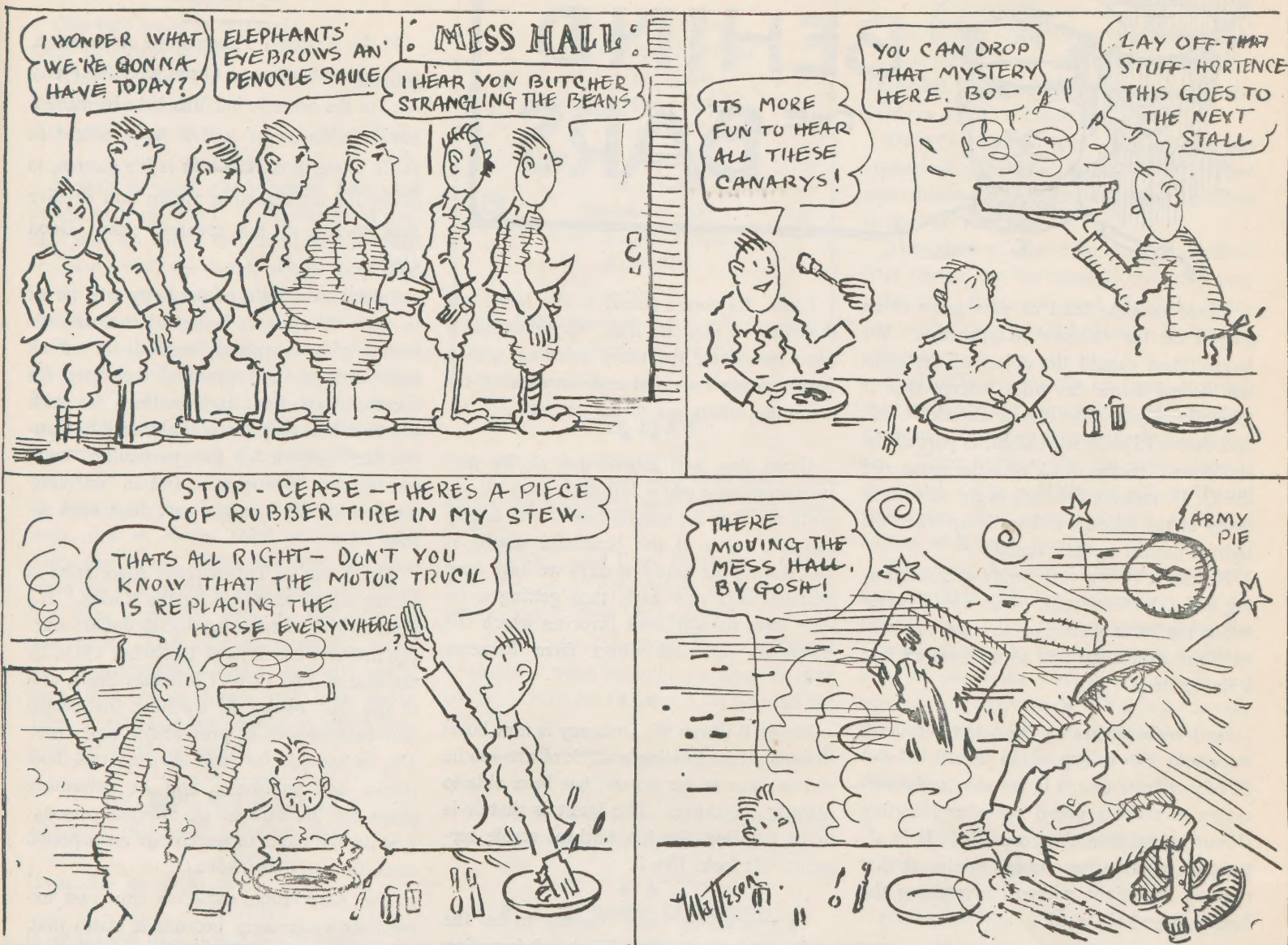
Somewhat burned out they leave in search of light refreshments.

★ ★

Soldiers are no longer permitted to wear wrist watches. The general staff believes they are able to keep time with their feet.

K. P. McKinnis

No Mother to Guide Him



A FABLE

Once upon a time there was a soldier who was reduced to a single penny. As he did not chew gum, there was nothing in the world he could purchase with it. He had about given up hope when one day by great good fortune he met a soldier from a nearby barracks who was in a predicament like his own: he possessed but a single penny. Between them they bought a newspaper and read that milady (that was what she was called) could purchase a set of winter furs for only \$595. Congratulating each other that they had met and been able to learn this good news, they died happy. C. B. D.

SUCH STUFF AS CHAMPS ARE MADE

When Big Jess wore the laurel wreath,
The secret of his manly power
Was BUNK'S NUXVOMICATED TIN
(A heaping teaspoon every hour.)

But when Jack Dempsey snatched the crown

The dope that made him fit to win
And made a champion of him
Was BUNK'S NUXVOMICATED TIN!
B. C. C.

ZOWIE!

Jones: You don't see as many loafers on the streets as you did before the war.

Smith: No, they have all started ex-servicemen's newspapers.

OTEEN BUNK

Dear Editor;

About four months ago I was down in bed—terrible and so weak I Couldn't bear the sight of food. This condition continued for about eight weeks. I thought I was going to die, and knew I must get something to do me good. I had heard of the Oteen and the good results obtained from its use. I decided to try it. After reading four issues my appetite improved and I became less nervous. Today I can eat most anything and feel like a youngster, thanks Oteen!
Aged 16. Vozeman Vulgar.

★ ★

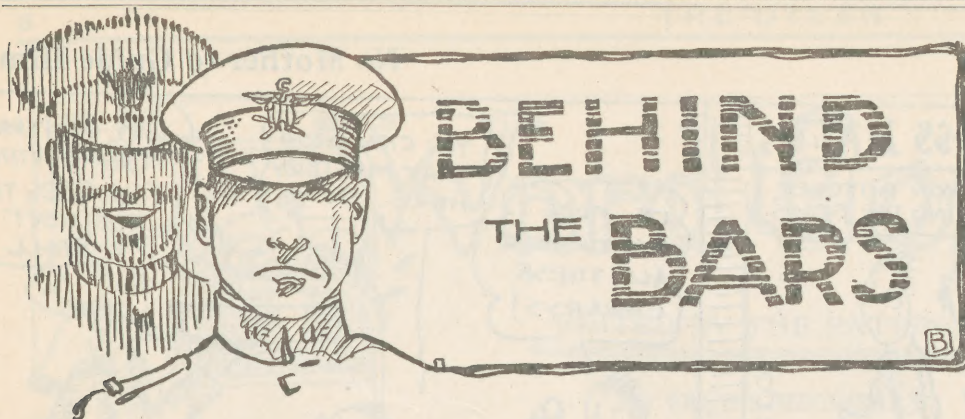
Read the Oteen each week any keep the doctor away.

★ ★

Lt. Clifton E. Gurd, late of the Christian Science Monitor and Breezy Stories is now pushing his pen for "OTEEN."

Lieut: What is the Order of the Bath?

Sgt. Bell: Well, Oscher naturally comes first then, Rivers, Arndt and Bennett.



There is some kind of new game being played on the Officers' Wards now. We haven't just caught the object of the game nor do we know the rules, except that it must be played after eleven o'clock P. M., and that a 15 mile searchlight is part of the equipment. Some think that the nurse and the O. D. make a bet each night as to how many of the fellows will wake up when the light is flashed in their faces.

No doubt it is a very pretty and interesting game, however most of us would prefer to pay the bet in preference to being awakened night after night just as we drop off into a sound sleep.

★ ★

And while we are on the subject of sleep, we would like to suggest to the 10. 59 3-4 P. M., arrivals that it is not absolutely necessary to make a grand opera or Ringling Circus entry when they come in. It is altogether possible for one to come in at that time of the night without advertising the fact to the whole ward.

★ ★

Capt. Hare had an interesting interview with the authorities of Cash-ville and Bun-kum County the other day. We understand that the captain made a generous contribution to them for proving conclusively that the Slipps-Loose traveled more than twenty-five miles per hour under its own power.—Adv. 1t.

★ ★

Not having any news, it is up to us to revert to scandal to make things interesting. Can anyone on the post identify the officer who was discovered crawling down a certain hallway on his hands and knees and who offered a bribe of twenty five good iron men to the nurse who discovered him if she would keep mum? This is ancient history.

★ ★

The next question before the house, is, will the K. O. hand out permission for the gang to visit the city next Monday to witness the peerade and circus.

Lieut. Raymond Small is the latest addition to the casualty lists. Raymond had a fierce encounter the other morning with a ferocious piece of toast and came out of the encounter minus one of his pet teeth.

★ ★

Oteen was well represented at the performances of Field's Minstrels and all reports are that the entertainment was highly enjoyed. One of the beneficial results is that during the past few days we have been hearing some new gags, thus getting a respite from the old stock favorites which our humorists inherited direct from Rameses 2nd.

★ ★

Major William W. Dempsey is now busily engaged in creating a work of art—so he claims—but so far no one has been able to identify the thing. The latest is that it is to be a pillow for his faithful stable sergent. It looks like it.

★ ★

"Try anything once" seems to be the motto of one dashing Lieut. of imposing proportions. Having tried Gas Engines, Bus Driving and Potografting with more or less success, he has now turned his talents to the dramatic and is deep in the study of the part of Romeo. He take to it kind of easy.

★ ★

The ex-He-vamp of Ward One, who is now known as Prince Charming of Ward Two, has been disporting in the Fountain of Youth these past few days. As much as we dislike He-vamps, we must admit that we admire his taste in switching from December to the sweetness and beauty of June.

★ ★

Captain and Mrs. Christensen have the heartiest congratulations of the Office Patients. We join with them in the broad smile that won't come off. The occasion being the arrival at heir home of a fine young baby. Yep, Baby is a real Oteener, having made its arrival on the post Sept. 15th.

THE TUBERCLE BACILLUS IS IN DANGER

If the National Tuberculosis Association, and the authorities at Oteen have their way life for the tubercle bacillus is to be made a burden. No longer will it be permitted to skulk along in darkness as is it's custom, to strike it's unsuspecting victim and deprive that victim of his greatest asset— Good Health.

Instead, the light of publicity will be let in upon this pest in bountiful measure, it's hiding places exposed, methods of attack made known, and practical measures for successful counter-attack outlined for such a tremendous proportion of civilized humanity that warfare for this particular "bug" can be but a loosing game and an "unconditional surrender" on it's part must soon result.

The National Tuberculosis Association is setting a high standard for the Nation. It's plan now is to raise 6,500,000 dollars during the first ten days of December 1919, by the sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals, and to use this money in teaching the people that tuberculosis is preventable and curable; in appeals for more dispensaries, hospitals, and sanatoria; and in presenting plans for the care of all affected persons: Also in the effect to search out unsuspected cases for early treatment.

The Association considers this vast expenditures necessary because it states that, in tuberculosis, the United States is "face to face with a condition more menacing than actual warfare" as proven by the annual death rate of 150,000 persons from tuberculosis alone.

Doctor B. H. Hayes, formerly captain in the Army Med. Corps has been selected as the Oteen representative of the National Association and he will leave no stone unturned in efforts to carry out the plans of that organization at this post.

Oteen, in turn, is setting a high standard for the National Tuberculosis Association, as proven by the following sketch of recent activities which have been carried on in spite of many obstacles, particularly in the matter of rapidly shifting personnel, both commission and enlisted. In this connection it is interesting to note that this hospital has discharged, since the armisice, the largest proportion of enlisted personel of any one of the General Hospitals.

(Continued on page 18)

HOW TO GET YOUR LIBERTY BOND

One bird wrote in this style:

Dear President Wilson:

What the hell do you mean by keeping my Liberty bonds?

Asheville, Aug. 5th.

Johnny Jones.

It isn't so much the informal tone used as the lack of detail. Then too the President has his hands full these days without bothering with our bonds which have been in the process of coming to us for from two months to 2 years.

Men who subscribed through the Army to the Second, third or Fourth Loans and who have not yet received their bonds should apply to the Zone Finance Officer, Allotment Branch, Bond section, War Dept., Washington, D.C. They should state the amount in dollars of the Bonds or Bonds and the issue, that is, second third or fourth loan. They should tell where they were stationed when the first payment was made and where they were stationed when the last payment was made. They should, if possible, name the quartermaster whose records would show that the payments had been made. They should give the address to which they wish the bonds delivered.

OH, HOW WE HATE IT

The germ of love is a funny seed,

I hate it.

It satisfies no earthly need,

I hate it.

It makes you thin, it makes you lean,

It takes the hair right off your bean,

It's the worse darn stuff I've ever seen,

I hate it.

Mrs. Ester Palmer
Announces the Marriage
of her daughter
Frances Marie Palmer
to
Lieut Paul Maxwell Steele,
on Sunday
September 7th
First Baptist Church
Asheville

*No Announcement Cards will be sent
to Friends on the Post*

THE FLAW

Lazy Lorenzo and Dog-tired Dick were discussing something they knew little about—work.

"I think," said Lazy Lorenzo, "that if they did away with work altogether it'd put an end to these 'ere strikes."

"Yus," said Dog-tired Dick. "That'll be the time when everything's done by electricity. Only got to press a button and the job's done."

A slow horror dawned in Lazy Lorenzo's eyes.

"That won't do! he said emphatically. "Who's a-goin' to press the button?"

THE MEMORY LINGERED

"You don't call me 'cutie' any more."

"No girlie, that word is too reminiscent of life in the trenches."

AFTERMATH

The ending of the Great War has brought on this earth of ours a strange species called Daffydill. Daffydill for short. Its real name is Affidavit Hound.

Daffydills can be found in droves on our station at Hampton Roads. They infest glass houses. The administration building is overrun with them.

They show no regard for rank. Like their fifth cousin, the European Cootie, they prey upon all. Even our good Chaplain is being constantly waylaid by them—Daffydills, not cooties.

Daffydills live mostly on hope, although they are being fed continuously with rumors. Each morning they devour the Daily Bulletin. Their appetite for the latest dope is abnormal. The well known Chow Hound is a tame affair compared with our latest edition of Human Canine.

The chief difference between the Cootie and the Daffydill lies in the fact that no remedy as yet has been discovered for the former, whereas by the free use of a certain kind of paper the Daffydill is slowly but surely being suppressed. This paper is very hard to obtain and is considered very valuable by some. It is called the Ordinary Discharge.

—Navy Life.

COOKED OR PERFUMED?

Wife—John, you're getting home mighty late to-night.

Husband—Yes, I've been at the restaurant.

Wife—The restaurant? What were you doing there?

Husband—Waiting for some chicken.

We'll Say So

By Dodge



The BATTLES of BRUNO

(Oteen's Own War Story)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

(Out of luck again, doggone it! Here's poor little, old Bruno hauled away from a nice movie company and set to work in the office of the Hon. Hector Puffer, the purly, snarly, stuffy papa of his big-biceped finneece.

No more laying in bed for our Bruno. He has to snap around now when Big Ben shoots for his face and, my goodness, how he dreads it.

CHAPTER XXXV

Bruno sighed heavily as he was hurled into the elevator that took him to the office of the Hon. Hector Puffer. "What did I ever go and get engaged to that husk for?" he asked himself in a doleful voice as he was trampled on by a detail of stenogs.

But there wasn't much time for meditation, for in a moment, he found himself following a whole lot of pasty-faced birds with their hair slicked back off their abnormally low foreheads wearing those waist-line suits that show the world that Barnum was right—one is born every second. This was the office force of which Bruno was soon to be a member.

Bruno being around, kicking his heels and glancing apprehensively every now and then at the fierce old boy who looked like an indignant walrus, and sat puffing and blowing in one corner of the main office where he could keep one eye on the water cooler and spot the guys that had been testing out this 2.75 business the night before.

"Well," said Bruno, to himself "I helped bust the Hindenburg Line and this guy can't be much worse than Gen. H. Timself. I will take a crack at him."

So he walked over to Simon Legree's desk and smiling weakly said:

"Good moring."

"Grugh," snarled the walrus.

"What do I do now?" said Bruno.

"What have you been doing?" said the walrus.

"Nothing," said Bruno.

"You must have been a Major in the army."

"No," answered Bruno, "I was in the army. But I wasn't no major. Most of my work kept me indoors, in the kitchen."

"What do you know?" asked the walrus.

"I don't know nothing," said Bruno, deciding for once in his life to be truthful, even if it hurt.

"Good," exclaimed the walrus, "in that case your career is all mapped out for you. Report immediately to the advertising department. You will find a number of young men there in the same condition as yourself."

Bruno thanked the walrus who merely snarled at him, and was led away by an office boy to the advertising department. Here was a big private office and a whole row of little cubby-holes with young men sitting in them looking out of windows.



BRUNO LOOKED BLANKLY AT MISS KRATCH AND BEGAN TO PERSPIRE LIGHTLY

In the big private office sat a young man with towlsy yellow hair, horn-rimmed spectacles, and an air of great importance. His name was I. Thumbley-Toots, and he was the ad manager.

Bruno told Mr. Thumbley-Toots that he had been sent to him to work for him.

"What do you know?" asked Mr. Toots.

"Nothing," said Bruno.

The ad manager looked intently at our hero for a moment and then pressed a button. "Send the character analyzer in here," he said to the office boy who appeared. In a moment a terribly severe-looking woman marched in with a manly stride.

"Miss Kratch," said Thumbley-Toots, "take this piece of garbage that has been

wished on us and analyze its character, and by the way," he added as Bruno and Miss Kratch turned to leave, "mark him 100 for truthfulness."

Bruno, feeling sort of worried, followed Miss Kratch down the hall to a little office marked "Applicants' Examinations." Inside Miss Kratch shut the door and turned on Bruno, who drew back a step.

"Now," she said in snappish, gruff tones, "I am going to examine you."

Bruno wheeled suddenly and felt for the door knob.

"Come back here," commanded Miss Kratch, "where are you going?"

"You'll have to excuse me, lady, I've been examined a terrible lot in the army, and outside of flat feet I'm A-1, honest."

"This, isn't a physical examination, you loom," said Miss Kratch, "this is a mental examination. Every applicant for a position in this company has to pass a mental examination in order to determine what place he is best fitted to occupy. Now I am going to ask you some simple questions to find out your general intelligence."

"You mean riddles?" asked Bruno, brightening up a bit, for he was good at riddles.

"Certainly not," said Miss Kratch, "the first questions are about current affairs. You have just five seconds to tell me the answers. Now let's begin: What is a Soviet?"

Bruno looked blankly at Miss Kratch and began to perspire lightly. Miss Kratch kept an awful eye fixed on her watch, and began to count, "one, two, three—"

"A sort of a fish," shouted Bruno desperately.

"Wrong," said Miss Kratch writing down on a little pad. "Now see if you can answer this one. 'What is the name of the King of England'"

"Oh, I know that one," exclaimed Bruno triumphantly, "George."

"George what?" asked Miss Kratch unexpectedly.

"Eh?" said Bruno perplexed.

"George what? What is the rest of his name? You wouldn't call him just George, would you?"

(Continued on page 19)



DOINS OF OUR OWN WHITE WAY

Paddy Donavon is out of the guard house.

★ ★

And Rosie expects to go back.

★ ★

Dr. Cecil Clark left for his home in Newtonville, Mass., where he will continue his medical course with the International Correspondence School.

★ ★

Capt. Jens Christensen, formerly of Biltmore, N. C. and Luzon, P. I. is spending the winter in these parts.

★ ★

Messrs. Lieutenant Hooker and Kinderman enjoyed a pleasant matinee on the Golf course last Tuesday. A hard life say we.

★ ★

Gloom Zabin expects to leave for New York soon.

★ ★

There was a general walk-out of cooks on Tuesday last.

★ ★

Sergeants Mike O'Connor and Ty Theibold entertained several young ladies atop Sunset Mountain several nights last week.

★ ★

Mary has the cleanest barracks in the bunch. Who is Mary?

★ ★

A pie eating contest was held at the home of Mrs. Russell Radford last evening. Handsome prizes were awarded to the winners. Mrs. Colonel Taylor took first prize after having devoured 9 pieces without a belch; she received a gold plated safety razor; Mr. Bartels finished a close second with eight pies under his belt; he received a prettily embroidered Brassiere. The pies were furnished by McKoy, Hare & Co.

★ ★

Lt. Blaylock and his sore toe are doing nicely.

★ ★

The Misses Hipps and Hoel have left for a brief stay at their homes in Lockport Station a small town outside of Blairsville, Pa.

A LETTER FROM THE A.G.O.

The following War Department Letter dated August 25, 1919, is published for the information and guidance of all concerned.

WAR DEPARTMENT
The Adjutant General's Office.

Washington.

From: The Adjutant General of the Army.

To: All Camp Commanders.

Subject: Discharge of Emergency Men by September 30, 1919.

1. You will cause each organization commander to take action with a view to discharge, in accordance with current instructions, by September 30, 1919, all men enlisted or drafted for the emergency who are physically eligible for discharge and who are not in confinement awaiting trial or serving sentence by court-martial.

No man of this class will be retained in the service after that date unless it has been definitely determined in each individual case that he cannot be spared or replaced by an available enlisted man of the Regular Army, or, under existing authority, temporarily in the service or is included in Medical Corps personnel surplus for transfer to a general Hospital, as provided in A. G. O. telegram dated August 18, 1919.

2. Not later than October 10, 1919, you will make a report to the Adjutant General, attention Room 336, showing for date of September 30, 1919, the number of enlisted men in each regiment and other separate units not constituting part of a regiment, classified as follows:

1st. Men enlisted or drafted for the period of the emergency.

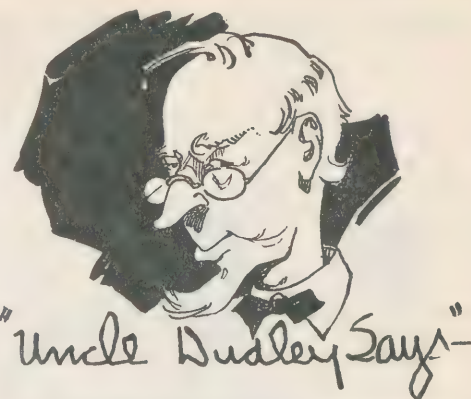
2nd. Men who enlisted prior to April 2, 1917, and who by December 21, 1919, will have completed the period of active prescribed to make them eligible for furlough to the reserve.

4th. Men who enlisted prior to April 2, 1917, and who will not have become eligible for furlough to the reserve by December 31, 1919.

5th. Men who enlisted subsequent to February 28, 1919, for one year.

6th. Men who enlisted subsequent to February 28, 1919, for three years. v

7th. Where emergency men are retained after September 30th, full explanation will be made as to the necessity for same and estimate will be given as to date when all such men can be dispensed with. There will be no relaxation of effort to discharge these men and a report will be



"About th' limit hez been reached when th' poleece go on strike en leet th' thives en thugs run free in th' city t' rob ,en steal, en destroy property by th' wholesale. Sich fellers what will desert th' duty they hev sworn t' perform iz not a durn bit better then th' thugs what they set loose en th' hull gang deserve t' be treated ez sich.

"Yer Ole Unckle iz a believer frum th' ground up in th' principales o' Unionism, but when it gits t' th' point where gangs o' Bolshevick, Anarchists, I. W. W., en sich destroyers o' sound government hide there name o' Unionism, it is high time t' bust em up, even ef it takes a machine gun t' do it."

★ ★

"It iz all rite fer a feller t' jine a Union, but when it kums t' a showdown, he must be an American fust en a Union man seckond."

★ ★

"It iz a known factk they nearly all th' stuff thet we buy frum th' stores costs a hull durn site more then i iz worth. En th' hull kentry iz atter Congress t' git on th' job en git th' profiteer. En Chambers o' Commerce en Boards o' Trade air a whoopin along."

★ ★

"Yer Ole Uuckle wuz told in Asheville by a person what clerks in one o' th' clothes stores thet out o' a bill o' goods thet wuz sold fer three hundred dollars, there wuz one hundred seventy five dollars profit. Another tole yer Ole Unckle thet one one woman's suit, there wuz thirty one dollors profit."

★ ★

"Yep, I hev never seen th' merchant what marked hiz goods in plain numbers th' real cost price."

rendered when all under your command have discharged.

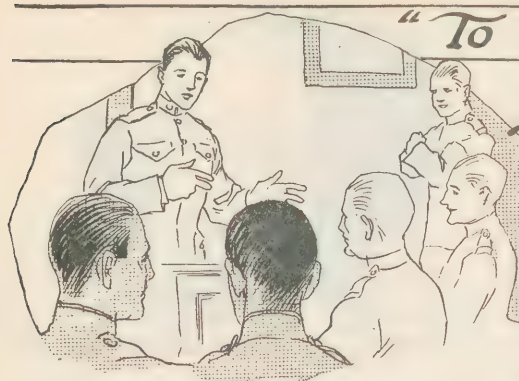
You will notify all under your jurisdiction.

By order of the Secretary of war.

Albert Gilmor,

Adjutant General.

"To uplift and to build"—



Reconstruction

RECONSTRUCTION NOTES

These crisp cool mornings put new life into all of us and give us a greater tendency to "snap into it." The work in the Academic Department shows the effect of approaching fall in the new students, the new classes, and more serious work. To supply a growing demand a number of practical new courses with prevocational value have been added. The commercial value of Spanish, especially after the war, has been recognized for some time. An interesting class in Spanish has been started, which is open to both detachment men and patients. A number of new typewriters has increased the possibilities of a typewriting class. A class in business English with especial attention to business correspondence, is open to both men and nurse patients. The capacity of the shop is enlarged by the addition of all kinds of new tools for wood-carving, leather and metal work. Miss Washburn, a specialist in the crafts, reports a new interest in bookbinding. The music class has a large attendance and great enthusiasm is being shown by all who have grasped the opportunity to learn music and to handle musical instruments. Commercial Art and Telegraphy classes are very interesting in themselves, in addition to their definite vocational value. Many are taking advantage of qualified instructors in all of these subjects and are getting a new direction to their after-the-war activities.



The department had enrolled for the week ending September 6th, 1919, three hundred and eighty-four pupils in various phases of having been enrolled during that week. Three hundred men were engaged in Occupational Therapy and one hundred and seventy-five in academic and shop work. One month ago the enrollment totalled two hundred and thirty-seven which shows a gain of one hundred and forty-three students.

Lament of a Patient of I-1.
I think of all I miss—

The boys I used to know;
The girls I used to kiss;
The coin I used to blow;
The bars I used to haunt;
The racket and the row;
The beers I didn't want;
I wish I had them now.

★ ★

Ardent doughboy:—"Would you like to have the most popular class in the reconstruction department?"

Miss McCrum:—"Why, certainly, what would you suggest?"

Ardent Doughboy:—"A class in Astronomy on the top of the hill."

★ ★

A whole bunch of new typewriters from Kenilworth! Plenty of room, boys. Get in the swim.

★ ★

Smoot holds the record for work at the Reconstruction Building. He works all day and studies out of hours. Who is going to break the record?

★ ★

Buenas Dias, is a fine greeting to give your friends as you pass. We can teach you at the Reconstruction Building.

★ ★

Even the interior decorating comes under the head of the Commercial Art. Come and give me a hand, boys, I am rushed to death.

★ ★

Can you work this? If 13,580 of 48 1-2 per cent of the passengers coaches on French railroads recently were third class, how many coaches were there in all? It's easy but an Aide will help you to solve it on the wards.

★ ★

Mary, for the lack of something to do, is sciving, Can't we keep her otherwise occupied. I am afraid it is not good for the nerves.

★ ★

Watch the signs of the Times. Reconstruction posters along the corridors.

Camilla was a western daughter,
Camilla done what she oughter,
But the rest of the poem does not follow for
no sooner does one leave before she is vamp-
ing another.

★ ★

A competition between wards for craft products ought to be started—so get busy, boys, and don't let the other ward beat you.

★ ★

Watch for the foot prints of Time!

★ ★

Major Alexander said as one of the Aides fainted during the lecture, "I fear I have been too rough." But being plucky she stuck the rest of it out.

★ ★

Miss House, a Head-Aide from New Haven arrived Saturday. We hope she will like us.

★ ★

The "highlights" from the Reconstruction Building are on furlough. Be good, boys.



The Aides are pining for the lack of the society of a certain Miss Dougherty. Her room is sadly found vacant during play-time. How do you do it, Elinor?

★ ★

Classes in technical as well as academic subjects are just waiting for you, boys. Come and try if we don't have what you want, an Aide will study up and give it to you. We have to study, so try us.

★ ★

Some one had better watch Major Dunham's pulse now. We fear he may have committed one of those "innocent excesses" in imbibing so much cream.

★ ★

Miss Marion Plew from Fort Des Moines is another arrival to the corps of Aides. Aides are arriving thick and fast. Mostly thick.

NUMBER OF DISCHARGES EFFECTED

Detachment Office,
Sept. 15, 1919.

The following memorandum is published for the information of those concerned.

1. Strength of Detachment on March 14, 1919, 609.
2. Medical Department discharged or transferred for discharge, 316. Q. M. C., 57; M. T. C., 40; S. C., 2; Grand total 415.
3. All of the 415 discharged since March 14, 1919, to date.

George A. Bissonette,
1st. Lieut., S.C. U. S. A.
Commanding Detachment.

A young fellow, who was off on a jaunt out West, fell into hard luck and had to pawn one of his suits. Just before starting for home he managed to get it out again. When he reached home his mother, while unpacking his trunk, came across the coat with the pawnbroker's tag on it.

"John," she inquired, "what is this tag on your coat?"

John, not wishing to have his mother know of his temporary embarrassment, said:

"Oh, I was at a dance and checked my coat."

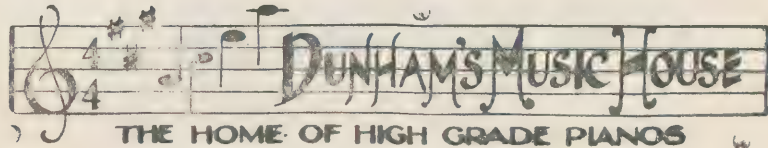
Soon she came across the trousers with the same kind of a tag on them.

"John," she demanded, "what kind of a dance was that?"

DRINK



EVERY BOTTLE
STERILIZED



HOUSE FOR RENT

Probably the very house you have been looking for. Ten minutes' walk from Hospital. Six rooms, bath and sleeping porch.

Comfortably and cheerfully furnished. City water and sewerage. Reasonable Rent.

MRS. O'BERRY

R.F.D. No. 2 Asheville, N. C.
First House Below Baron Behen's

Don't Return to Civilian Life

Without the advantage of a good business training. Our thorough courses, complete equipment and corps of expert teachers enable you to secure an exceptional Business Training at our School. We make special rates to men who have been in the service.

EMANUEL BUSINESS COLLEGE

U. S. OFFICIAL VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

15 HAYWOOD STREET

TELEPHONE 1100

FOLKS SAY WE HAVE THE BEST COOK IN TOWN. PERHAPS SHE ISN'T THE BEST, BUT WE KNOW SHE IS ONE OF THE BEST FROM THE WAY FOLKS ENJOY OUR MEALS. PRICES WITHIN REASON.

The Haywood Grill

33 HAYWOOD ST.

PHONE 1651

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

AUTUMN Savings PERIOD

The last quarter's Savings Period of 1919 will begin October 1st. Deposits made before the close of business on October 10th will bear interest from October 1st. One Dollar will open an Account.

CENTRAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY
SOUTH PACK SQUARE

CENTROSA

100 PER CENT PURE PORTO RICAN CIGAR

5c, 10c, 15c, 2 FOR 25c

We believe the good quality of CENTROSAS will be appreciated by you. They are less injurious, because of their mildness and freedom from combination filler and artificial flavoring. On sale at your Exchange and all dealers in town.

BARBEE-CLARK CIGAR & TOB. CO.
D I S T R I B U T O R S

EFFICIENCY PLUS

Our constant effort is to aid you in your Saving.

Ample resources, an efficient management and State supervision combine to make our policy both responsible and progressive.

Our superior faculties and strong connections are always at your service.

WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST CO.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$2,000,000

36 PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Bareback.

My dear Miss Bareback:

I am a Sergeant seven foot tall and used to be a Lieutenant at this post now none of the boys give me a tumble; what shall I do?

Staley O. Limburg

S. O. L.

Go west, young man, go west.

★ ★

Dear Miss Bareback:

I am 45 years old and in love with a girl 18, what shall I do?

O. L. D. Fogie.

Old Fogie:

There is a home for the aged and infirm in a small town outside of Swannanoa.

★ ★

Miss Bareback:

I have a large blister on my lip. Every one makes fun of me; what is your advice?

Nibsie.

Nibs:

Stay at home and recuperate; try mustard foot-baths; above all do not spoon.

★ ★

Dear Beat:

I am a nurse at Oteen; my mother is desirous of my marrying a man in uniform; none of the boys in camp care for me; please help me out?

Patricia.

Patricia:

Why not vamp one of the Asheville constabulary.

Garcia Grande CIGARS

A mild Havana for men of discriminating taste, is now on sale at

The Post Exchange

FURNISHED BY

**The Rogers Grocery
Company**

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

"LONG BOYS" RETURN

BY BURDE BAXTER CLARKE.

Gee, fellers! I'm goin' home!
'Tho I didn't pull any hero stuff,
Still I think we've called old Heinie's bluff.
For we charged his trench with our Indian
yell,
And we paid him off with our shrapnel
shell
And gas and fire and general hell;
Now I'm going home;

Gee, fellers! I'm goin' home!
'Tho it ain't as I thought before the scrap,
When I came to Europe to change the map,
And the mugs of the Kaiser's hosts to mar
And relate the horrors of this here war;
For I didn't get even a tiny scar,
Or chevron or cootie or shoulder-bar:
But I'm goin' home!

Gee, fellers! I'm goin' home!
'Tho most of our friends are gone with flue,
And father is feelin' pretty blue;
And my purse like a cast-off bandoleer,
And I've lost my job and there's no more
beer,
And I ain't a-wearin' a War-Cross here,
And my girl has married a profiteer.
There are Mother's pies and her heart o'
cheer,
And I'm goin' home!

U. S. General Hospital No. 19
buy most of its eggs from

The
**Western Produce
Company**

Doesn't this speak well for
Western Produce quality?

Ask your grocer for Western
Produce Eggs.

U. S. ARMY HOSPITAL No. 12 AND U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19 USE "CAROLINA SPECIAL" *Superior Milk Products*



**CAROLINA
CREAMERY
COMPANY**

Why Not Bring That Watch in Now and Have It Repaired and Adjusted?

FINE REPAIRING OUR SPECIALTY

J. E. CARPENTER

16 NORTH PACK SQUARE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Are you getting a furlough soon? Or, maybe your discharge?

If so you need a Suitcase. Our line of inexpensive light-weight summer Suitcases and Bags is more complete and varied than ever.

Japanese Matting and Cane Suitcases, from	\$1.25 to \$8.50
Brown Hard Fibre Suitcases, specially priced	\$2.75 to \$7.50
Real leather from	\$8.75 to \$35.00

Bon Marche

The Corona Typewriter For Fifty Dollars

It's little and light—not as imposing in appearance as the big fellows—but it does the work of the big fellows, and not a whit less perfect. It's very light, very small and compact, may be carried in a grip or suitcase anywhere and available at all times for heavy work. See one in our big book and stationery store today.

ROGERS BOOK STORE

39 PATTON AVE.

PHONE 254

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

"WEAVERVILLE LINE"

Cars Leave Asheville Every Hour on the Hour

from 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. except 2:00 p.m. Also at 6:30 a.m., 6:30 p.m., 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. On Sundays at 9:00, 10:30, and 11:00 a.m. 1:00 p.m. and every hour until 6:00 p.m. 8:00 and 10:00 p.m.

WEAVERVILLE

IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE CRAGGY MOUNTAINS

DANCING AT LAKE JUANITA
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS 8:30 TO 11: P.M.

Office and Waiting Room
35 Broadway

Asheville & East Tennessee Railroad Company

Member Army and Navy Stores

ARTHUR M. FIELD CO.

JEWELERS

Designers and Manufacturers.

Watch Repairing a Specialty.

PATTON AVE. & CHURCH ST.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THE BIGGEST, BUSIEST, BEST, AND MOST POPULAR PLACE TO
MEET YOUR FRIENDS IN THE CITY

GOODE'S DRUG STORE, Inc.

Druggists

PHONE 718

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

SMITH'S DRUG STORE

"ON THE SQUARE"

HOSPITAL SUPPLIES, RUBBER GOODS, SPECIAL TRUSS-FITTING
DEPARTMENT. EXPERT IN CHARGE.

THE BUSY CORNER

PHONES: PRESCRIPTIONS 116, SUNDRIES 117, YOURS 117

KING ALBERT HERE OCT. FIRST

King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium will arrive in Washington about October 1 and will be guests of the President and Mrs. Wilson at the White House, probably remaining three days.

The King and Queen will arrive in this country late this month, and will come directly to Washington to visit the President and Mrs. Wilson before beginning a tour of the country.

It was learned that the tentative itinerary provides for their return to New York from Washington for a public reception. Afterward they will leave on a journey that will carry them to the Pacific Coast. The cities to be visited have not been determined upon finally.

AN ODE TO SARDINES

By Howard Diets.

I'm crazy for foods that are flavory,
And partial to any old sweet,
While victuals referred to as savory,
Like chowder or cabbage or meat,
Agree with me fine . . .; this chop suey stuff,
Spaghetti, or even a dish
Of ice-cream, molasses, or gooey stuff
Is splendid—but nix on the fish!

There's only one fish

That's a regular dish—

The equal of peppers and beans;

And that is a plate

Of little (but great!)

Delicious, nutritious sardines.

A CHAMOIS SHIMMIE

Once a Lama and a Swami
Saw a Chamois do the shimmie;
'Twas a yama-yama Chamois,
And she shook a wicked shimmie.

"Oh, Lor' lumme!" said the Swami;
And the Lama said: "Oh, mamma!"
Then the Swami and the Lama
Shouted: "Shimmie, Chamois, shimmie!"

Soon the gay and gamy Chamois,
With her dreamy, "show-me" shimmie,
Got the nanny of the Swami,
And he shouted, Oh, Lor' lumme,
I'm a rummy, Lama, damme,
But that Chamois, oh, that Chamois;
Lor' forgimme, oh, you shimmie;
Show me, Chamois; shame me, Chamois;
Shimmie, Chamois, do!!!

THE ONLY DRINK

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will toast with mine;
For all the land is dry as dust,
And we can't ask for wine.
Don't leave a kiss within the cup—
A kiss intoxicates,
Inebriation is a crime,
In these United States.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And don't use them too much
Or you would make me drunk with bliss,
And I would know the clutch
Of legal hands upon my sleeve
And anguish in a cell,
Because I drank your loving glance
Not wisely, but too well.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And do that on the sly,
Lest those who guard our morals note
You have a liquid eye.
Let not your smile be one to make
My spirits rise at all.
For those who make the laws might drink,
That spirit Alcohol!
Paddy Donovan of Hosgrow Fame.

THOSE INQUIRIES

Col. S. (to applicant)—You state you have eleven children and give your age as 32. Surely you have made a mistake?

Applicant—Yes, the mistake I made was to marry a widow with nine kids; and now she has two more."

THE EDITOR'S GUESS

A leading citizen in a small town was suddenly stricken with appendicitis and an operation became necessary. The editor of the local paper heard of it and printed this note about it:

"Our esteemed fellow-citizen, Jas. L. Brown, will go to the hospital tomorrow to be operated upon for the removal of his appendix by Dr. Jones. He will leave a wife and two children."

"They are still talkin' about tryin' old Bill Hohenzollern' said Three-Finger Sam.

"Well," commented Cactus Joe, "that jest shows the difference between Berlin and Crimson Gulch. In this town they could not find a lawyer with nerve enough to take his case."—Washington Star.



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(Continued from page 8)

The hospital, through its medical conferences, has completed outlines for what is considered an ideal organization for its personnel and patients; having thoroughly considered:

1. The matter of treatment, including the important subjects of rest and passes. Also after a thorough study of the matter, it has presented to Washington plans which, if passed upon favorably there, will result in an improvement of that great essential of tuberculosis treatment—DIET.

2. Closer cooperation with the Reconstruction Department, as a result of which it is hoped to give each patient exactly what he needs along that line.

3. Plans by which all Medical Officers who arrive here in the future will be made familiar with the methods in use at this hospital, through a special course of study.

4. Instruction courses for Nurses, Aides, Welfare-workers, Detachment men, and Patients to include in a sufficiently comprehensive manner, all phases of tuberculosis to enable them intelligently to carry on the educational work against this disease after they are out of the service; and to enable patients to know the reasons for the measures of treatment now adopted for them here.

SHADE OF HOYLE

"You must join our Baraca," said the affable church worker.

"I'm afraid I can't, ma'am," said the new arrival in the neighborhood.

"Why not?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't know one card from another."

89 PER CENT DISCHARGED; ARMY NOW 421,988 MEN

Eighty-nine per cent of the men in the army when the armistic was signed have been demobilized, the War Department announced.

Since November 11, 3,286,934 officers and men have been discharge, leaving the present strength 421,988.

THE REAL HARM

A little learning is a dangerous thing,

But unto Fate I call

To save me from the perilous things that
spring

From those who know it all.

(Continued from page 10)

"Well, I ain't been around with him enough to know, lady," answered Bruno, "though I did see him when we was hiking through London. He's got a little brown beard and—"

"Failure, number two," broke in Miss Kratch, making a note. "Now do try to use your brain when you answer this next question. What do you understand to be the purpose of Congress?"

"To get the President in Wrong," answered Bruno smartly.

"Right," said Miss Kratch. "Now one more question and we are through with current events and pass to historical questions. Where is Shantung?"

Bruno pondered for a second or so. "I think it is the name of one of them tank towns in Virginia that we passed on the way to camp." Said he finally. Miss Kratch sighed deeply, wrote down "failure number three," and then said in an icy voice, "we will now take up the historical questions and after that I will read your bumps."

"What was that you said, lady?" asked Bruno anxiously, "Read my bumps?"

"Of course," said Miss Kratch peevishly, "I will read the bumps on your head to determine your mental capacity and all around fitness. The more bumps you have the better fitted you are,"

Bruno felt his head in a thoughtful manner. Then he smiled slightly. He suddenly remembered how many falls he had had in his last mix-up with Hertha, his huge fiancée.

"Golly," he said to himself, "if they don't make me vice-president it won't be Hertha's fault."

(To be continued.)

DID IT HAPPEN AT OTEEN?

It was during mess and the officer, glaring down the long table, demanded if there were any complaints about the food.

Private Jones rose slowly and extended his cup:

"Taste this, sir," he said.

The officer took a sip, hesitated a moment and said scathingly:

"Very excellent soup, I call it."

"Yes sir," agreed Jones, "but the corporal says it's tea, and the cook served it as coffee, and just now I found a tooth-brush in it, sir."

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WALLACE REID AT THE GALAX

Appearing in one of the most delightful roles of his screen career, Wallace Reid will score a veritable triumph in his latest starring vehicle, "The Valley of the Giants," a Paramount-Artcraft picturization of Capt. Peter B. Kyne's celebrated novel of the California Redwoods, at the Galax Thursday, Friday and Saturday. This production, directed by James Cruze, is exceptionally charming, and from every standpoint of art it is worthy of the trademarks under which the picturization was accomplished.

Wallace Reid plays the role of Bryce Cardigan, son of James Cardigan, a pioneer California lumberman who had founded a city and opened up the lumbering industry. Before the death of his wife, Cardigan had given to her a beautiful glade in the forest, which he named "The Valley of the Giants." On her death and burial in the glade, Cardigan and Bryce, his son, vow that they will protect with their lives, if necessary, this sacred valley.

Bryce returns from college and finds his father in financial difficulties and nearly blind. He sends for an eye specialist, who cures the blindness and starts vigorously to work to prevent the sale of the precious property to Colonel Pennington, a scheming land owner and business rival of Cardigan. Bryce obtains a franchise to build a road leading out of the valley, so that is lumber resources can be made accessible to the out-

side world. But Pennington bribes the mayor of the town to vacate the franchise.

Meantime, Pennington has offered \$50,000 for the land. Cardigan is on the point of sacrificing it when Judge Moore tells him he has a client who will pay \$100,000 and allow him to keep a strip of twenty acres around his wife's grave. Cardigan accepts this offer and the buyer later proves to be Shirley Summer. Pennington's own niece, who is rich in her own right, and with whom Bryce is madly in love.

Through this purchase, the Cardigans ultimately retain their property. There are numerous thrills in the picture, notably one occasioned by the fierce fistic battle between Bryce and Pennington's lumber foreman, another when Bryce saves the lives of Shirley and Pennington by uncoupling, at the risk of his life, the caboose in which they are seated from a runaway logging train, and a third when Bryce is shot from ambush

while laying a railroad crossing at night to hold his franchise.

The support is unusually good, Grace Darmond playing opposite the star. Others in the cast include such well-known players as Will Burton, Charles Ogle, Kay Laurel, Alice Taaffe, Hart Hoxie, Noah Beery, Guy Oliver, and others.

WHY THEY SCRAMBLED

A traveler in the dining-car of the Southern near Salisbury had ordered fried eggs for breackfast.

Can't give you fried eggs, boss, the negro waiter informed him, lesson you wait till we stop.

Why, how is that

Well, de cook he says de road's so rough dat every time he tries to fry eggs dey scrambles.

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